

VOL. XIII.-No. 318.

APRIL 11, 1883.

Price, 10 Cents.



PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES"



IN MEMORY OF OUR BEST CITIZEN.

PUCK.

OFFICE: NOS. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - -	\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - -	2.50
One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - -	1.25
(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)	
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - -	\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - -	3.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - -	1.50

68 INCLUDING POSTAGE. 68

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR - - - H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on Sale in London, at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Bouverie Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31 Renfield Street; in Paris, at TERQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Germany at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

33 We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one hundred and fifty times more.

CONTENTS:

FIRST-PAGE CARTOON—In Memory of Our Best Citizen.
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
It Suits Him to Death—illustrated.
THE TOWN TERRIER.
PUCKERINGS.
The Sinner's Triumph—poem—H. C. Dodge.
A Novelette in Three Chapters—F. E. Chase.
A Tough Job for Uncle Sam—illustrated.
Peach Pits—R. K. Munkittrick.
FREE LUNCH.
The Rival Leading Men—illustrated.
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CCLXXVI.—The Conservative Party.
The Latest Advertising Dodge.
On the Same Track—illustrated.
The Delaware Bed—R. K. M.
PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.
A Voice From Ga.—Continental.
The Result of Realism—illustrated.
The New York City Charter.
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
CENTRE-PAGE CARTOON—The True Meaning of Republican Harmony.
Insect Powder.
One Thousand Rejected—poem—Jack the Dullard.
Utilizing a Nuisance—illustrated.
Johnny Dumpsey's Ruse—Paul Pastnor.
The Tour of the Distinguished Tragedian—illustrated—No. V.
Chicago Heard From—James Abbott.
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.
LAST-PAGE CARTOON—The Breach-of-Promise Industry—Young Men Cannot be Too Careful.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Though the flags were at half-mast; though there were long columns of history and praise in the newspapers; though black-bordered portraits hung in a hundred windows; though there were festoons of crape on the mighty pile that stands where the Bowery's great stream of life parts to east and west; though shops were closed and bells were tolled, the death of Peter Cooper did not really move the city to mourning. Grief seemed an emotion out of place. His noble life was full with the fulness of nigh a century of good works, of the love of his 'kind, of success, of happiness, of the praise and honor of men; and when he put away from his lips the cup of life, it was as a man who, having eaten and drunk his fill of the bread and wine of this world, turns calmly and joyfully to rest. Had he chosen his own hour, he could not have gone from among us more peacefully. There can be no selfish sorrow for a death like this—it is as beautiful and simple as any of the changes of nature, as the melting of the snow, as the gathering of the spring-rain—this passing-away of a just man.

For the familiar scriptural phrase best describes Peter Cooper. He was a just man. He was more than a charitable man, more than a wise and able man, more than a man of virtuous and exemplary life. He was charitable, wise and virtuous not merely from inborn inclination; but from a firm and deeply-grounded principle. James Parton said recently that the religion of the coming man would be the religion of pure republican citizenship. That religion shone forth in all that Peter Cooper was, in all that he did—in his life of useful and well-directed labor, in his wisely-ordered charities, in his gentle tolerance of all honest thought and opinion, in his flawless loyalty to all that he held true and good. We may well call him our best citizen. His were the ideal civic virtues. The good he did was not merely the relieving of sporadic cases of need; it was the carrying out of a broad and bold scheme for the permanent benefit of his fellow-citizens, and his charity has become an element of our existence as a city. Ah, could we say as much of those dead millionaires whose worthless gifts blazon their grudging charity in Lafayette Place and on Fifth Avenue, and insult the people to whom they are dedicated in name alone!

Take down from the shelf that Roman History of yours, dust it, and turn to the chapters about the Tarquins, and then look at our centre cartoon. But perhaps you are well read in history, and know more about them than we can tell you? Perhaps, on the other hand, you never heard of a Tarquin? But, whether you have or not, lend us your ears, and we will tell you a little story about them. The Romans got tired of the goings-on of the Tarquins, especially of the particularly bad behavior of Mr. Sextus Tarquinius, the son of the delectable Tarquinius Superbus. A revolution followed,

which put an end to monarchy in Rome, and established the Republic.

It must be remembered that this is all mythical history, but it has quite enough truth in it for our purposes. When the Tarquin family and their adherents discovered that no persuasion would induce the Romans to have them for rulers, they resolved to have harmony at least among themselves, in order that they might recover what they had lost. With this end in view, they swore an oath of harmony over the body of a victim sacrificed for the purpose. Now this is the precise position of the Republican party. It has been practically kicked out of office for its crimes, and it is split into factions. The only way to reach harmony and power is to sacrifice the victim, Civil Service Reform.

The picture will doubtless be looked upon by many of the Republican leaders as a pleasing fancy; but as nothing else. The suggestion can never be acted upon, because respectable Republicans—we mean the patriots and honest men—will have Civil Service Reform, while the corrupt and tricky ones will not have it. They will not have it because it would take away all their power and patronage; and it is of much more importance to most Republican politicians to be able to influence the appointment of a postmaster or a consul than to devote themselves to legislating for the good of their country.

Woman—lovely woman—is having it pretty much her own way, just now. In fact, we scarcely know the time that she didn't. She is not in the least bit scared by Dr. Dix's scolding, but pursues the even tenor of her way as if nothing had happened. She not only asserts her rights, but is becoming actually dangerous. It is no longer safe for a young man to talk poetry to the young woman he may admire for the nonce, without the presence of a stenographer and several witnesses; for the chances are that before he can turn round he may have a breach-of-promise suit on his hands.

IT SUITS HIM TO DEATH.



CRACKSMAN KELLY:—"THIS IS THE EASIEST JOB I EVER TACKLED!"

THE TOWN TERRIER.



I strolled into the Stock Exchange last week. I am not a member, but I disguised myself as one. I bought five hundred shares Rochester & Pittsburgh, at twenty-three. A few minutes afterward I sold them out at forty-three. Not so bad for a beginner—a profit of about two thousand dollars. I took a fifteen-cent plate of pork and beans in honor of the event, and received the congratulations of T. De Witt Talmage and John L. Sullivan.

While I was trying my new razors, Thursday morning, Lady Florence Dixie burst into my room. She has altered very much since I used to dandle her on my knee, thirty-seven years ago. Since the attack on her at Windsor by Invincibles she wears Blacksmith, Whalebone & Co.'s patent armored, iron-clad corsets—fourteen inches of Bessemer steel, and three of creosoted teak—not a light weight for a delicate woman to carry.

As I was descending from my private balloon at Spuyten Duyvil, the other day, after a little trip up the Hudson, I saw my dear old friend W. D. Howells.

"Why, Bill," I said: "thought you were in Europe?"

"So I was, dear boy," he replied, casting a furtive look of fear about him: "but I had to come back by a sailing vessel. I have an iron-clad dummy over there now, personating me, at ten dollars a day, and I don't really know whether I'm safe now or not."

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

"That infernal Thackeray article, of course. The *Saturday Review* people have employed hireling assassins to hunt me down, and on the Continent they have spread abroad a report that I am the Czar of Russia, traveling incog., so that everywhere I went I was surrounded by a body-guard of Nihilists, and I really believe that if His Imperial Majesty were not reserved for a political sacrifice on his coronation day, I should have been dynamited long ago. Don't you ever publish your trade opinions, my boy. And, by-the-way, if you see Harry James, just remind him that when a gentleman says another gentleman is a better novelist than Thackeray, it is customary to make some recognition of the courtesy. Now, I think, myself, that I'm rather neater on my analysis of character than old Shake, you know; but nobody has mentioned it, so far. Ta ta!"

And he vanished from my sight in a neatly constructed bombproof.

The Czar sent for me this morning, requesting an interview. I took a run down to the Kremlin in my slippers and dressing-gown. I found him busily engaged in inspecting the mines constructed by the Nihilists. He seemed a little anxious.

"Don't you think," he said: "if I have the throne, on coronation day, pitched there"—pointing to a six-inch plank—"I shall be comparatively safe?"

"Yes, Alec," I answered, in consoling tones: "recollect, when I am with you there is naught to fear."

"No," said Mr. William Edwards to Mr. Billy Evarts, the other day: "the true principle of government is not the subcapital equation of the isothermal periphery of the *printemps*, but the polyhedral diagnosis of the cacophony superinduced by the enclitic hallelujah of the magisterial phantasmagoria."

"I drop," Mr. Evarts replied.

The Brooklyn Bridge is a very comfortable place on which to promenade. I was, therefore, not surprised at meeting Salvini on Saturday afternoon. He was turning double somersaults every three minutes, and thus addressed me:

"*Il balen del suo sorriso d'una stella vince il raggio.*"

I could not refrain from smiling at the epigram; but, nothing daunted, answered, airily: "Not if I know it, pard."

John Kelly, the well-known Tammany politician, awoke me from a refreshing sleep at three A. M., while I was enjoying an idyllic dream.

"My beloved Johann," I grunted: "what can be the matter?"

"Nothing," he replied: "I simply wanted to find out if you were a living example of the motto '*Nunquam dormio.*'"

I do not know whether any of my readers have ever heard of a neat receipt for salad-dressing which Maréchal Ney gave me the day before he was shot. It runs thus: Mix one tablespoonful of oilymargarine with two of mucilage, reduce to a batter, sprinkle with nitroglycerine, and serve cold. This was christened *Salade à la Cathérine de Russe* by the gallant Maréchal—old Marsh, as I used to call him.

Dropping into Vashovitch's Russian bath, the other day, for a chop and a plate of ice-cream, I met my old friend Smith, and my mind instantly ran back over his wonderful record. Smith, it may not be generally known, was the man who originally planned the Isthmus of Suez—not the Canal, but the Isthmus, which was a much greater work. He it was, and not Walker, who led the filibusters into Nicaragua; and I have been credibly informed that he wrote most of the poems generally attributed to Robert Browning. You may be surprised at my having such a vast fund of information in my possession; but I have been able to tell you so few of the things which I know, that I sometimes despair of being able to give you any idea of the gorgeous treasury of knowledge which I carry around with me to grow my hair on.

MANY OF the papers are now printing an article which tells what the Queen of Roumania's thoughts of love and life are. We have not read the article, but, if we were betting on it, we should say her ideas of love were a box of caramels and a basket of flowers every day and the opera at least twice a week. On the other hand, her idea of life must be a brown-stone-front in winter, and a cottage by the sea in summer, with a couple of trips to a foreign land worked in every year. Then, we suppose, she believes in a dozen servants who don't steal silver, and haven't more than fifty or sixty cousins apiece to come around and camp out in the parlor when the family is out of town.

'Tis now that through the hall

Comes floating wan and faint,

A scent that proves the place is all

Paint.

And if the wainscot well you do not note,
You'll get it on your coat.

Puckerings.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL—Cheek.

THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION—Dorsey and Brady.

THE IRISH argument is generally a knock-down argument.

DECORATION DAY will be rendered glad
By the patent-medicine ad.

NOW BLUEBIRDS in the lea are hopping,
And women think of naught but shopping.

IT IS STATED by one of his most eminent biographers that Shelley always traveled around with his pockets full of bread. Can this be said of any other poet?

AN EXCHANGE prints a paper called "The Life of Royalty." The life of royalty is living in idleness and dissipation at the expense of bricklayers and other laborers.

WHEN YOU have on your worst clothes you never get a sphere of mud on them. But when you have on your best, and don't know how you could replace them in case of accident, you are sure to sit on paint.

It is proposed that Crouch, the author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," should be paid one dollar for his autograph. This is well; but the man who plays it on the cornet should be charged not less than one hundred dollars, and his instrument confiscated or used for an ice-pick.

SOME FEMALE philosopher states that: "Now and then one sees a face which has kept its smile pure and undefiled. Such a smile, if the artful but knew it, is the greatest weapon a face can have." And this is the kind of face and smile that makes a first-class face-powder advertisement.

WE ARE frequently seeing paragraphs floating around on the subject of "Political Measures." But we will venture to say that they are not read by political heelers, for the only political measures they care to know anything about are the measures used in bar-rooms during the excitement of a campaign.

MR. DI CESNOLA said to a *Mail and Express* reporter: "Why, sir, the Metropolitan Museum of Art is simply existing, when it should be forging well to the fore." We wonder what Mr. di Cesnola calls "forging well to the fore." We will back the Metropolitan Museum of Art's record, in this particular line, against any similar institution in the world.

THE BURLINGTON *Hawkeye* asks: "What shall we eat?" What shall we eat? Well, we intend to eat lots of shad-roe while it is in season, then we shall branch off on strawberries. We have had all the spring-lamb and spring-chicken we want for some time to come, and are now looking out for May wine. If the *Hawkeye* had asked: "What shall the Democratic party eat?" we should unblushingly reply: "Crow."

OUR OLD friend and playmate, Rousseau, once remarked that the training of children is an occupation where we must know how to lose time in order to gain it. This will probably explain why nurse-girls take children out in the parks, and then flirt with policemen in order to gain sufficient time to go home and fix their hair, and, at the same time, lose enough time to make them too late to wait on the table.

THE SINNER'S TRIUMPH.

He was kneeling in the pew,
Struggling, grunting, groaning, too;
When the ever-watchful pastor came on tip-toes down the aisle;
And then, kneeling by his side,
"Help this sinner, Lord!" he cried:
"To find the blessed Comforter and make the angels smile."

And the sinner's face, which blazed
From exertion, quick was raised;
"Keep up the wrestle, brother," urged the pastor: "nor despair—
Hallelujah! Let us pray—
Have you found it? Brother, say!"
"Yes, I've got it," said the sinner, as he picked up something there.

"Glory! Here's another soul
That has found salvation's goal!"
Shouted loudly then the pastor: "Brother, tell them what you've found."
Then the guileless stranger rose,
And with triumph did expose
The paper of tobacco he had dropped upon the ground.

H. C. DODGE.

?

A NOVELETTE IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

It was nine-thirty P. M. The spacious auditorium of Masonic Hall was crowded with a fashionable and perspiring assemblage. The Nightshade Dramatic Club was giving an entertainment; and the very *élite* of East Saugus had turned out *en masse*, individually eager to deposit their tribute of fifty cents (children half price) at the shrine of Genius. It was a great night for East Saugus. Well might she be proud of the open-handed liberality of her citizens, and prouder still of the patient self-denial that enabled them to endure the performance. But we digress.

It was nine-thirty P. M., and the leading lady of the Nightshades, Mlle. Mulcahé, had just finished her great scene. Thunders of tumultuous applause rewarded her efforts, and a deafening succession of whistles and cat-calls proceeding from the rear of the hall whispered a flattering tale into the ear of the blushing *débutante*.

The enthusiasm was at its height when an usher was observed to stagger down the centre aisle, tottering beneath the weight of a huge bed of white pinks, in the centre of which, in letters formed of red flowers, was the number 16, presumably in allusion to the lady's age. The effect of this floral tribute was somewhat marred by the usher's inadvertently placing it upon the stage upside down, thereby making it read 91; but the applause was nevertheless tremendous.

Who sent this costly gift? There was no card attached, nor any other clue to the sender's identity. A fever of curiosity pervaded the vast audience.

Who sent it?

CHAPTER II.

"But who? That's what knocks me out."

The words were uttered in a rich, gurgling voice, like the pouring of Medford rum out of a stone bottle. It was the voice of Henriette O'Toole, of Toole Manor.

A bevy of young maidens were seated in the palatial drawing-room of Galahad O'Toole, the East Saugus millionaire, discussing the performance of the evening before. Peerless among them stood the stately Henriette, and thus freed her mind:

"The idea of wasting flowers on that old valentine! Sixteen! She's nearer forty. Who could have sent them?"

"Armand O'Hoolahan."

It was merely the voice of a menial announcing a caller, but the coincidence was strange. The girls looked at one another.

"Do you know, Mr. O'Hoolahan?" said the fair Henriette, incidentally mashing the gentleman to the full extent of her powers.

"Know what?" replied the haughty plumber's heir, carelessly sorting a handful of loose diamonds which he drew from his trousers-pocket:

"What are you giving me?"

"Know who sent that bouquet?" answered Henriette.

"Have you no idea?" said the favorite of fortune, casting a searching glance upon the group.

"No!" they chorussed with such breathless eagerness that his suspicions were allayed. No. They were not playing him; he could be sure of that.

"And can you not guess?" he said, modestly dropping his eyes.

"What! was it *you*?" they fairly shrieked.

"Don't give me away, girls," was all he replied. Henriette fainted. Was the mystery solved?

CHAPTER III.

Blanche Mulcahé was seated in her boudoir, reclining with perfect

A TOUGH JOB FOR UNCLE SAM.



THE WEEDS ARE TALL AND THE SCYTHE IS SMALL.

abandon in a huge *fauteuil*. A half-smile parted her ripe lips, and a faint blush strove vainly to assert itself through her complexion. The look of eager expectation that irradiated her face at the sound of every passing foot-fall told that she was awaiting some one.

As the deep, cathedral tones of her eight-day clock boomed forth the hour of three, the door-bell rang violently. Blanche sprang from her chair with an irrepressible exclamation of joy, but calmed herself instantly by a great effort as a servant entered bearing a note upon a silver salver. No one who noted the freezing *hauteur* with which she took the *billet* from the menial would have recognized the passion-saturated creature of the instant before.

With fingers trembling from excitement, she tore open the letter and read as follows:

ALL BILLS SETTLED MONTHLY.

Feb. 24th, 1888.

Mlle. Blanche Mulcahé.....

**Bought of SAPLING & BUSH,
FLORISTS.**

1888.		
Feb. 20.	One floral design as per order	\$25.00
" "	Paid strange man for delivering the same at Masonic Hall	\$1.00
		\$26.00

"Twenty-six dollars," she murmured, letting the note fall fluttering from her nerveless fingers to the floor: "Twenty-six pounds of caramels. It is a heap of money, but it was worth every cent of it the way I paralyzed that Henriette O'Toole."

Could it be possible! Did she—?

F. E. CHASE.

PEACH PITS.

SMYRNA, Del., March 31st, 1883.

AT ONE of the hotels down here, the other day, a drummer went to settle his weekly bill, which he thought amounted to seven dollars and a-half. The clerk told him it was only seven dollars.

"Ain't your rates seven dollars and a-half per week?" asked the drummer.

"They are."

"Don't you advertise your rates to be seven dollars and a-half per week?" inquired the drummer.

"We do."

"Then why don't you charge me seven dollars and a-half? I don't want to live for less than any one else. The house is footing my bills, and there is nothing mean about me."

Seeing the drummer so angry, the clerk took off his diamond and explained:

"We are charging you the same as any one else."

"Then why isn't it seven dollars and a-half?"

"Because you were away from dinner the day before yesterday, and that takes off fifty cents, the regular reduc—"

But a dull thud interrupted the clerk, who looked around and saw the drummer stretched dead on the floor. He will play on his drum no more. Subsequent investigation proved that the man had formerly resided in a metropolitan boarding-house; and the jury rendered its verdict accordingly, giving it as its opinion that he died of excitement superinduced by sudden surprise.

THIS PLACE is full of osage orange-hedges. They surround most of the peach-orchards—probably to keep people out.

"Did you ever try to get over an osage orange-hedge?" an old man asked me this morning.

"No," I replied: "Did you?"

"Yes," he said, sadly: "I tried once—a long time ago."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes."

"How long did it take you to get over it?" I asked.

"How long did it take me to get over it?" said he, sadly: "How long did it take me to get over it?" and the old man looked over the landscape and scratched himself and continued: "How long did it take me to get over it? Why, I don't think I am quite over it yet."

THE OTHER day a chicken-hawk was circling proudly around over one of the many peach-orchards that infest Delaware. Finally it spotted a chicken, and circled and circled until it felt sure of its prey. Meanwhile the chicken looked calmly on, and made not the slightest effort to get away. Nearer and nearer came the hawk, until it felt perfectly satisfied, and then it swooped down as swift as any well-bred thunderbolt. Making a deathly grab at the chicken, the hawk broke its bill off, and in another instant that hawk was eaten up, feathers and all. The moral of this fable should teach all chicken-hawks that it is folly to think they have a sure thing every time, and that the hen that seems the easiest prey is often a spring-chicken escaped from a New York boarding-house.

TALK ABOUT your cheapness! You can get a small farm here for about the same amount of money that is required to purchase a luncheon at Delmonico's; and the very first year you can make enough on your peaches to pay for the place, and have something left. You can hire a horse and wagon by the week for a sum small enough to cause a Niagara hackman to have a

fit on hearing it. The plumbers are very moderate in their charges, and ice-men occasionally starve to death.

MOVING DAY, Moving Day
Soon will come along this way,
And the furniture will crash
In an awful avalanche,
And it on the walk will smash,
While that city-bred Comanche
Will look on and calmly smile
In his customary style.

AN EASTER OFFERING—A Spring-Bonnet. By some inexplorable accident, we didn't think of this in time for Easter. It was suggested by seeing a negress, down on the Dover road, sifting ashes in an old frock-coat and a white plug-hat.

IN CHESTER, Pa., there is a handsome brick building; but one-half of the front is only a wall—there is nothing behind it. This reminds us of many men we have met.

TRUTH may be a more precious pearl than falsehood, but give us falsehood every time in a horse-trade.

THIS COUNTRY is full of flatness—it looks like a country born for race-tracks and cricket-grounds. It is flat and lovely. Very few things are both flat and lovely—the flatness generally destroys the loveliness. But down here it is different. It is just as flat as it is lovely, and just as lovely as it is flat. Delaware is no joke, for no joke can be both flat and lovely.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FREE LUNCH.

WHEN YOU see a well-dressed young couple walking through a fashionable thoroughfare, carrying a handsome Russia-leather valise, don't imagine they are about to elope. Be more charitable, and conclude they are a young married couple trying to live cheap in one room, and carrying home provisions to cook over the gas.

"NO THOROUGHLY occupied man was ever yet miserable," is the opinion of Landor. We beg leave to differ with you, Walter; and we will tell you the man who is miserable while he is thoroughly occupied, and that is the man who is laying bricks on top of a six-story house, with a hurricane blowing in his face.

NO MATTER how glad
Man may be, he is sad
And angry and mad
When the bone of the shad
Makes him wish that he had
Ordered liver, bedad.

THE *Boston Post* asks: "What's the use of honoring a horse because it carried some general during the war? The horse did so because the general happened to secure him." Now, then, what is the use of honoring a general because he won signal victories during the war? The general did so because the Government happened to secure him.

A WISE MAN once said that "to-morrow never comes." He no doubt lent an umbrella at some period of his life.

THE RIVAL LEADING MEN.



MANAGER ARTHUR:—"GENTLEMEN, THE PIECE WILL BE AGREEABLE."
CONKLING:—"THAT DEPENDS ON WHO TAKES THE STAR PART."
BLAINE:—"AHEM—JUST SO."

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLXXVI.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.



who is wathah a timid fellow, and has been ir-
weverwenty called a gwand old woman.

I aw think it wathah hard to descwibe Sir Stafford in this way. I know he is by no means a bwiliant cweachah; but he has weally twied to do his best, considerwing his verwy moder-
wate abilities and the superficial and imperfect knowledge he has of generwal politics. When Beaconsfield was alive, Northcote was all wight, because his chief would give him his pwopah instwuctions, which he would carwy out, being sure of having a majorwity at his back, or the support of a compact party, even when in a minorwity.

This is all changed now. My Torwy fwriends are dissatisfied; there is little harmony, and Gladstone and the Liberwals and Wadicals have things all their own way. I am therefore not in the least surprised that Wandolph Churchhill should wite to the *Times*, advocating the claims of Salisbury to the sole leadership of the Torwies. Of course it was a verwy impwopah pwocceeding, but it is just the sort of thing that might be expected fwom Churchill—a forward young fellow, who labahs undah the impression that he is aw a born leadah. I wondah who the pe-ahs are who would dweam of allowing themselves to be contwoled by him.

Much bettah, I am sure, to wemain in the twain of potterwing old Northcote.

Howevah, as wegards Salisbury, I have both telegraphed and witten to him that I have no advice to offah. Salisbury is all verwy well in his way; but he is, I fe-ah, much too arwo-
gant and full of widiculous pwide of birth to secure the perfect confidance of his party. Don't think, in these wadical and liberwal days, that the stwongest Torwy will stand such a fel-
law. No, I am sorwy to say that the Conserva-
tive party is in a verwy bad way; and I weally don't see who is to keep it in pwopah shape. I weally don't see how Salisbury can do it aw.

THE LATEST ADVERTISING DODGE.

New York, April 8th, 1883.

J. STIGGINS GOODHEART, ESQ., *Secretary Society for the Prevention of Industry for Children.*

Dear Sir:

What would be your terms for advertising (both in the daily press and by the courts) our great and unparalleled attraction, "The Smith Children Playing Tag"?

The ordinary advertisements do not seem to stir the public up sufficiently for this feature of our Great Moral Combination Exhibition.

Yours truly,

MERRYMAN & Co.,
Proprietors of the Only Great American Tent Colosseum.

OFFICE OF THE
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF
INDUSTRY FOR CHILDREN,

New York, April 9th, 1883.

MESSRS. MERRYMAN & Co.—Dear Sirs:

Yours of yesterday read. We are engaged for the entire season to P. T. Barnum.

Yours truly,

J. STIGGINS GOODHEART,
Secretary.

ON THE SAME TRACK.



S. S. COX SAYS THAT HE IS "IN THE FIELD FOR THE SPEAKERSHIP OF THE HOUSE, AND THERE IS NO JOKE ABOUT IT."

RANDALL (also in the field):—"SHOO, FLY! DON'T BODDER ME!"

THE DELAWARE BED.

At any hotel in Delaware you can get a posi-
tive bed—a bed that is as comfortable to sleep in as it is to look upon—in short, a bed that comes up to the description set forth in any respectable dictionary. It is not one of those uneven, mountainous things euphemistically called beds—those things that shed their slats and keep you awake all night, and charge you ten dollars a week for doing it—but a regular, honest, ninety-nine-cents-on-the-dollar feather-bed. And thick—why, a Delaware feather-bed is so thick that you can't climb into it! You have to stand on the bureau and jump on it. And when you land on it you commence to sink. And you sink, and sink, and sink, until you think you are down in the cellar. And you sleep so well and so sound that you conclude in the morning that you never knew what sleeping was before.

But when the morning comes the fun commences.

The fun consists in getting out of that bed. You had to jump to get into it, instead of having a ladder; but you cannot jump out of it. It isn't solid enough for a foothold; and if you attempt to jump, you will only lose your balance and fall. The fall won't hurt you any, unless your head comes in contact with the head-board. Then you will feel lonesome. You try to walk off the bed, but you can't; you become exhausted before you reach the edge. It is like walking through a swamp.

You wish there was a chandelier over the bed that you could grab and swing from on to the floor; but there is no chandelier there. And you wish you had a rope fastened to the door-knob, that you might haul yourself out; but you haven't, and that is the end of it, dearly beloved, and there is no use of worrying about it.

Then you try to swim off; but you can't. You reach out and try to haul yourself up to the edge; but instead of hauling yourself up to the edge, you haul about four tons of feather-bed down to your face.

Oh, how you yearn and silently wish for a good pair of Canadian snow-shoes with spurs on them! But there is no use of sighing for them, for there isn't a pair in town; and if there was, you couldn't secure them without first getting out of bed.

Then you think it would be a grand idea to pull some of the feather-bed up from the edge, and fall over it, and sift yourself through the slats; but this you cannot do, because you are already up to your ears in feather-bed, and if you go to pull the edge to you, you will be over your head and suffer asphyxiation.

And then you sigh for your jack-knife, that you may tap the bed and let all the feathers run out on the floor. But your jack-knife is in your trousers-pocket, and your trousers-pocket is in your trousers, and your trousers are on the chair, and the chair is by the window, and the window is about twelve feet from the bed, and there is no boat-hook in the room, and your knife might as well be in the next county. This causes you to give up the idea of tapping the bed with your jack-knife, and you just stand up and yell: "Fire! Murder!" and everything else you can conveniently think of.

Then up come the bar-tender, and the porter, and the proprietor, and burst open your door, because you can't open it yourself. Then they look for you—they try to find the point from which the noise comes. And when they find where you are, they pick the feather-bed up and, after four or five minutes' hard work, manage to shake you out of it on the floor.

R. K. M.

Now UPON the rural hills
Shine advertisements of pills.

PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.

PUCK, having sharpened his crayon and donned his new spring dress-coat, visited, as is his wont, the theatres and places of amusement. He first struck HAV-
 LY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and on seating himself comfortably a familiar voice fell on his ears. It was Catherine Lewis singing in "Olivette," and it is her intention to keep up the warble all the week. Crossing the Brooklyn Bridge and reaching the New York side, we wended our way to Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, at the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. Jumbo's pulse was felt and found normal. There did not appear to be much grief on account of the judicial execution of Pilot, and the regular performances were given with more than usual spirit.

While we were thinking as to the theatre we should next visit, we remembered that to-morrow afternoon there are to be performances at all the theatres for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Charitably disposed people with a taste for the drama have thus the opportunity to distinguish themselves. Entering the STAR THEATRE, it did not require a very long session to discover that Boucicault is not a success this time. He is "Vice Versa," so far, but may do better in reviving "The Shaughraun," "Arrah Na Pogue," and other brilliant Milesian dramas. Turn we now to HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE, and here are we regaled with Bronson Howard's "Green-Room Fun," interpreted cleverly by Salisbury's Troubadours.

Then a peep was taken at the CASINO, where a Sunday night concert was in progress, engineered by Rudolph Aronson and his orchestra, with Signor Del Puente, baritone, and Mme. Teresa Careno, pianist. Another visit to the same handsome building, where the intimation was vouchsafed that this is the last week of French opera, and that "les Cloches de Corneville" is to be played to-night. We next presented ourselves at HAV-
 ERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, and gazed with a considerable amount of satisfaction on the play of "The Planter's Wife." While the scenery is not exactly suited for an art gallery of *chefs d'œuvre*, it answers the purpose. Maude Granger does well as Edith Grey, the heroine, as also does Harry Lacy as the planter, Albert Graham. John McCullough's manly tones are now filling NIBLO'S GARDEN, and instructing extensive audiences in the beauties and mysteries of "Virginius," "Jack Cade," and "Julius Caesar."

Continuing our up-town journey, we entered the portals of the THEATRE COMIQUE, and there beheld Messrs. Harrigan and Hart's latest effort, "The Muddy Day." It is funny, original and amusing, but is not as good as "McSorley's Inflation," although Mr. Braham's songs will prove as popular as any he has written. It was only when the curtain rose at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE on "A Russian Honeymoon," by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, that we could realize that for the present we had seen the last of "Young Mrs. Winthrop." We found, in the course of our travels, that the COSMOPOLITAN THEATRE is now perfectly safe, as is Mr. Bartley Campbell's "White Slave," which is being played there.

Modjeska was discovered at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE acting "Frou Frou," and is to switch on to "Camille" to-morrow night. Then there is Mary Anderson, at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, in her usual round of characters, while BOOTH'S THEATRE expires in a blaze of triumph with "The Banker's Daughter," and Salvini

and Clara Morris in "Othello" and "The Outlaw." The engagement of these emotional artists begins April 16th, and Miss Morris is said to have made a John L. Sullivan hit as *Rosalie*, in "The Outlaw." No more Salvini after this; for he leaves for Italy. We don't think that the opening of the supplementary season at DALY'S THEATRE, with "Stoddard Realistic Reminiscences of Red Letter Days Abroad," will reconcile us to his loss.

A hurried glance at the painted canvases on the walls of the National Academy of Design has left the impression that Mr. F. D. Millet's "Story of Cænone" is the best painting in the exhibition.

A VOICE FROM GA.

ATLANTA, March 31st, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

There is a good deal of *manhood* in you, despite your juvenile appearance. It does one good, in this day of journalistic political effeminacy, to find *one* champion of law and order and conscientious regard for our obligations to friendly nations. American journals, like American politicians, seem—yes, they do—to stand in awe of the Irish hordes that encumber our cities, our city councils and our citadels of correction. The New York *Herald*, as usual, appears to extenuate the dastardly Irish crimes through an article published March 30th, which should be titled "Land Leaguers' Defence." It is a very strained effort to make Ireland now and the Southern Confederacy in '61 parallel cases, and is painfully absurd. The stupidity of the *Herald* article exposes its purpose too clearly. "Suppose Secretary Frelinghuysen should declare in a public speech that the Irish chiefs had made a nation?" How *asinine* to suppose anything of the sort! The Irish people are not in arms. They have no organized armies, no navy, no Congress or Parliament, adopted no secession ordinances, and, furthermore, a majority of the *people* don't want to. I think, with you, the course pursued by Rossa and his partisans is inexcusable and indefensible, and should be summarily checked forever.

Respectfully,

CONTINENTAL.

It is not often that we notice artistic advertising, but "Silver-Gloss and Tangle-Foot," by David L. Proudfit, deserves mention. It is a poem for children in twelve stanzas, each of which is illustrated by a well-executed tinted drawing. And yet it is only a circular.

Ehrich's "Fashion Quarterly," for the Spring of '83, is a most fashionable kind of quarterly, with numbers of excellent poems, short stories, sketches and essays adapted for the leisure hour.

We welcome into the field of comic journalism *The Imp.* Long may it live and prosper. Mr. Beard is the principal artist. The literary work is vigorous and excellent, and entirely free from lardydahism. Mr. A. E. Watrous contributes a ballade, entitled "Her First Train;" Stanley Huntley has a "Mr. and Mrs. Spoon-dyke;" J. H. Williams contributes some "Norristown Notions," and Ed. H. Mott and Prentice Mulford clever sketches.

THE NEW YORK CITY CHARTER.

"I am glad you've come," said Mr. John Kelly to a representative of PUCK, as he directed his brilliant orbs on his most recent portrait in a political cartoon, and toyed with a demijohn of whiskey: "because I can tell you all about this new Charter for New York. You have no idea of the sleepless days and nights I have passed in getting the thing into proper shape. Oh, it is a daisy!—the neatest bit of work I have ever done."

And Mr. Kelly, in the exuberance of his delight, gave a war-whoop and danced a breakdown for joy.

"The trouble is," continued the Tammany chieftain: "that the Mayor has had to work too hard, while the Aldermen have had nothing to do. I first thought of abolishing the Mayor altogether; but some very narrow-minded New Yorkers are prejudiced in favor of Mayors, so I thought it as well to let the office remain, for the sake of appearances. But he's not to be a real Mayor with any responsibility. I intend to have him constructed of wood or wax, and then he can be used for an unlimited number of terms until he wants repairing. I tell you, sir, brains will tell; and it wants brains to make a Charter for a big city."

"A city like New York should be governed only by Aldermen. It makes everything so much simpler—so long as I'm around looking after things. Instead of having nominations sent in by a Mayor, who may perhaps feel bad at having them rejected, the Aldermen just nominate their own men for the vacant offices, and there's no trouble at all. Besides, it does good to a great, a noble and flourishing industry—I mean liquor-selling. No city can exist without liquor, and therefore *the* proper thing to have Aldermen who understand the business. They know just the right men who will make good Police Commissioners and other officials. And how could it be otherwise, when you reflect for a moment and remember what elegant gentlemen they all are? This, sir, is why I encourage the cry of reform. This is why I want to relieve nice, respectable men of the annoyance of being elected Mayors, and to save their hearts from being broken and their brains ruined by trying to rule the city."

"At one time I thought even of abolishing the Board of Aldermen, and running the whole city myself; but I reconsidered the matter, as I found that very many nice gentlemen of my acquaintance were so anxious to serve the city, and enjoyed the hard work that the office of Alderman imposed upon them. I love New York. My object is to make it fairly reek with dignity; and this can only be done by the adoption of my Charter."

"I hope," said Mr. Kelly: "I have explained the matter in all its beautiful simplicity. You will also put me under the deepest obligation by taking care to see that I am not misrepresented."

The PUCK envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Tammany bowed his acknowledgements and backed out of the Imperial presence.

Answers for the Anxious.

On articles refused their writer's stuck;

They—and the stamps—are not returned by PUCK.

HASELTINE.—She does *not* wear an orange top-knot.

V. M. O.—"See Worcester" was called in some decades ago.

ANANIAS.—Your joke about "Beautiful Spring" is co-
 eval with the poem.

Y. Y. Y.—That jest is on the retired list everywhere except in Harvard College.

WASHINGTON-SCAMP-WHO-SENT-US—"ORLANDO-WILL-NOT-COME-TO-NIGHT."—If you are not a Congressman, you ought to be. You are cut out for one.

AN OWLD READER.—Not bad, your idea; but it hath a sort of railroad-sandwichiness about it. The merry conceit burst on the world in all its rich effulgence some time previous to yesterday.

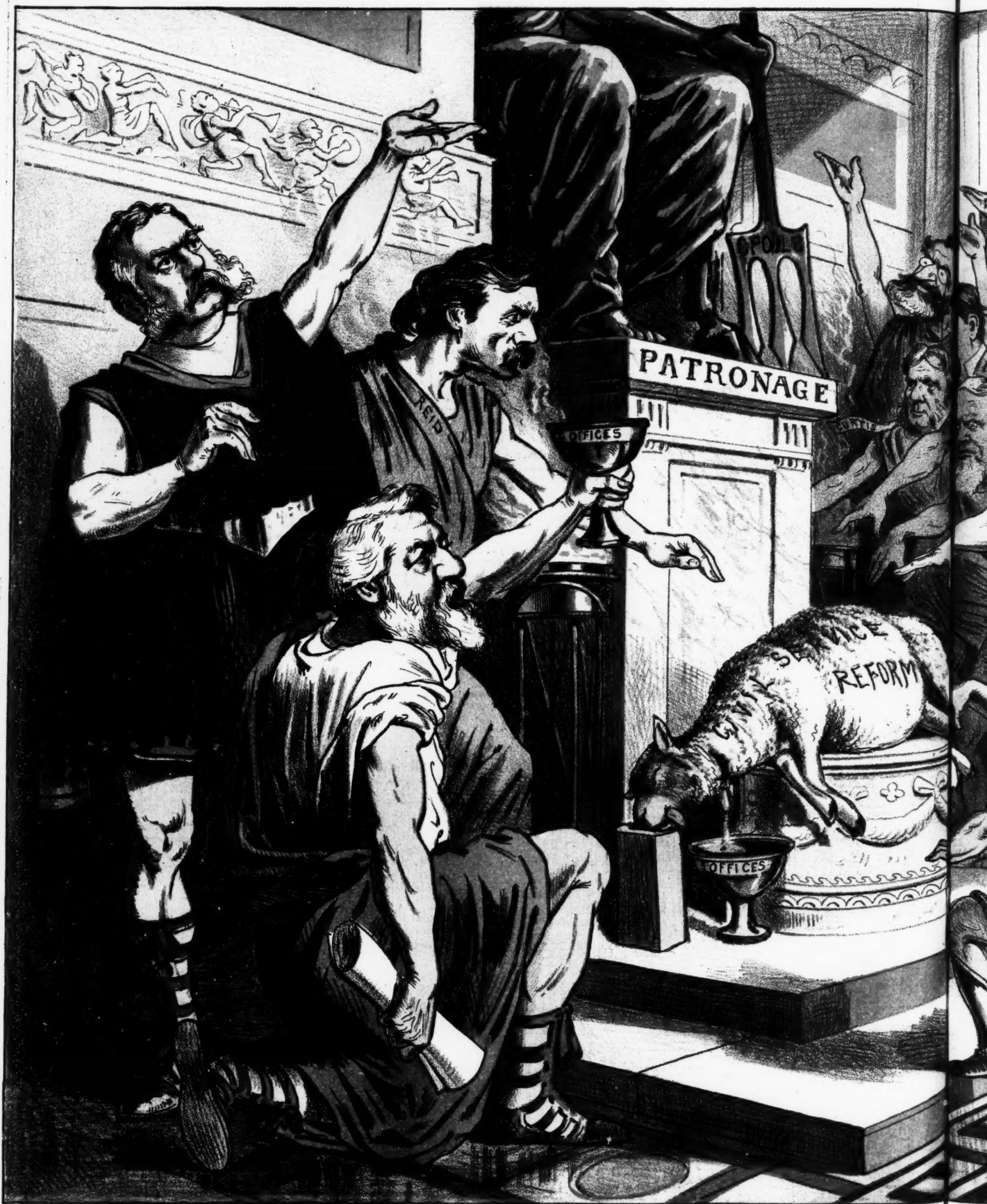
T. H. F.—It's a little late in the day, dear boy, for punning doggerel. Hood couldn't make a living at that sort of thing, were he alive to-day, and Hood did it about as well as any one. It never was much to do, or really worth doing, and, at this period of the world's progress, it is rather a waste of time to attempt it.

C. E. P.—Since we have your solemn promise not to send us any more poetry or chromo-humorous matter whatever, if we will tell you what "del" and "sc" mean—why, C. E. P., we'll tell you with sincere pleasure and cheerful promptness. "Del" is an abbreviation of *delineavit*, 3rd person, singular, perfect of a Latin verb meaning to design or draw. All conscientious beer-dealers put it on every mug of lager they draw. "Sc" is short for *sculpit*, and means that the man after whose name it is placed engraved or carved the production. "Sc" is what we mark on all the poets who pass through our hands.

THE RESULT OF REALISM.



THIS NEW IDEA OF HAVING REAL FOOD IN STAGE BANQUETS IS VERY NICE; BUT MIGHT IT NOT BE DISASTROUS IF THE PIECE SHOULD HAVE A LONG RUN?



OFFICE OF 'PUCK' 23 WARREN ST NEW YORK.

THE TRUE MEANING OF REFORM

The members of the Roman House of Tarquin, having been driven from power by the people, called together their adherents, and swore an harmony



REPUBLICAN HARMONY.

are an harmony over the body of a victim sacrificed for the purpose. They then undertook to get back to Rome, and History records that they Got Left.

MAYER MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

INSECT POWDER.

FROM THE PERSIAN.
BY PUCK'S PATENT HAFIZ.

One light neck-tie does not make a summer-suit.

The loveliness of woman lies largely in her capacity for exasperation.

The rose is the emblem of love, but the early rose potato filleth the stomach.

Deeds may be truths, yet the lawyers will tell you that actions will sometimes lie.

Bad old men are made bald that the angels may track them around more easily.

The trouble with Love's Young Dream is that it too often turns out not to be a dream at all.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and that is the reason that so many people go short on it.

The lily is the symbol of purity, not so much because it is pure as because it cannot be adulterated.

The fool rushes down to Wall Street just as the inexperienced bull-dog jumps against a wire-fence.

The playing of Orpheus may have made the animals flock about him; but we are willing to bet that it didn't cut off a beef-steak and broil it.

"I hate to appear mercenary," remarks Hafiz: "but I would like to discount my poetic immortality at 99 per cent and take it out in potatoes."

"The little things in life are what cause us the most pain," murmured Ali Bazam, one day, while trying to remove the cork from a bottle of champagne with a fork.

If the nightingale had not sung its heart out to the rose, it would not be braced up on wires and stuffed with chemicals on a parlor mantelpiece beside a bunch of wax-flowers.

Humble merit always receives the golden reward. The plumber, who cannot go into respectable society, can make more money in a day than can the eloquent statesman in whose honor public dinners are given.

ONE THOUSAND REJECTED!

O you distressed Young Masters, you're an army in your number,
And your righteous indignation is a regiment's roar of wrath.
To arms for Art! Embrace your sweethearts that encumber
Your proud actions as you sweep away the enemy from your path!

To return some good for evil you can hang the Hanging Committee,
For your landscapes they did skip, and they did not even sky
Your most charming figure-pieces! Oh, it is a cruel pity!
Since the room is at the top, hang them as Haman high!

Your palette for your shield, and your palette-knife for dagger,
Your biggest brush a broadsword, and your mahl-stick for a spear,
We will form a close battalion where the haughty N. A.'s swagger,
And we'll shake their gamboge hearts with a yellow-ochre fear!

On, to the Doge's palace! We'll attack it and we'll sack it,
And hang the great rejected where those are which we'll eject;
We'll appoint our own committee, and we'll stack it and we'll pack it,
For the truly unexpected is what they must all expect.

And I will be your leader, for I can sing of battle!
And I am looking forward to my son that is to be;
I shall make of him a painter when he throws away his rattle,
And I know he'll be rejected! So come on, friends, with me!
JACK THE DULLARD.

UTILIZING A NUISANCE.



"HOW IS IT, OLD MAN, THAT YOU MANAGE TO GET THOSE FOUR GIRLS OF YOURS UP IN THAT QUITE TOO AWFULLY GORGEOUS STYLE?"



"SCHEME OF MY OWN, DEAR BOY. STAND 'EM UNDER THE L ROAD, AND THEN SUE THE COMPANY FOR DAMAGES. THAT'S ALL."

JOHNNY DUMPSEY'S RUSE.

Now that the sun rises so early in the morning, Johnny Dumpsey has developed a baleful habit of deserting his downy couch long before the rest of the family have finished their peaceful morning slumbers.

For several days it was a great grief to the young man to have to wander about the house in loneliness and quiet, waiting for the god of slumber to finish his session with the folks; but a few mornings ago he made a discovery, and put into execution a plan which temporarily filled his youthful soul with rapture.

He found that when the cook seized the cleaver, and with thick-raining and re-echoing blows, like the anvil solo of old Vulcan, assailed the elastic steak which was destined to tax the Dumpsey digestive apparatus at breakfast, the various members of the family, with sighs and yawns, stirred in their respective couches, and presently, with infinite reluctance, arose.

Johnny's fertile brain conceived a scheme. The next morning at six o'clock he crept from the bosom of Morpheus, donned his garments, and securing a rubber blanket and a hatchet, went down into the shed and began to pound. Drowsy snorts and groans presently arose from the Dumpseyan bowers of sleep, and as Johnny ceased from his labors, and went outside to lay a banana-skin in the place where the milk-man was wont to come running round the corner of the house, can in hand, he saw a glimmer of white in the window of the parental chamber, and his cup of joy was full.

How pleasant it was to have company in the doleful hours of early morn, while the house still reeked with the penetrating odor of kerosene, and the cook wept for very smoke!

Johnny hung around in the shed until he saw the milk-man step on the banana-peel, sprawl frantically forward, sling four gallons of milk into the wood-pile, and mop up a skimmed-over mud-puddle with the front of his overcoat.

The little Samaritan then came out, wiped the poor man's blinded eyes with a handkerchief, snapped the bell-crowned hat back into shape, and brought the battered and empty milk-can from the wood-pile.

The milk-man thanked him tenderly and gave him five cents; and Johnny went up-stairs, his bosom almost bursting with a sense of his own goodness.

"Johnny," cried Mr. Dumpsey from the bedroom: "how near is breakfast ready? Have I got time for a shave?"

"Yes—if you hurry like lightning," replied Johnny.

And then he sat down on a trunk by the door to watch the blood flow.

Mr. Dumpsey flew around and concocted a lather, honed his razor a few times, and laid on. All went well for a few strokes, and then Johnny kicked one of his father's slippers under the bed and remarked:

"Golly! the steak smells good, don't it?"

This upset Mr. Dumpsey's nerves, and he gave himself a slash under the right ear.

"Get out of the room, you! What are you looking at me so for?" yelled Mr. Dumpsey.

Johnny slid quickly off the trunk and went into the sitting-room. Presently his mother, clad in her *robe de nuit*, with her hair falling down her back, poked her head into the room.

"You there, Johnny?"

"Yes, 'm."

"Well, I guess you can tell Julia to bring up my breakfast this morning. I don't believe I shall have time to dress."

This tickled Johnny immensely; but he only giggled and kept his secret to himself.

Pretty soon Mr. Dumpsey came paddling around, looking for his odd slipper, and Johnny became intensely absorbed in a cook-book. Mr. Dumpsey's face was gory, and his clean

shirt-bosom was disfigured by two or three large spots of sanguinary lather. He scowled at Johnny, and went poking his slipperless foot under the lounge and the table and the book-case; and in the course of his peregrinations his eyes fell upon the clock.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed: "she ran down last night, didn't she? First time in three years."

He went back into the bedroom to get his watch and see what time it was, and Johnny rose, whistling unconcernedly, and went down-stairs.

"What be all the folks up at this time of day for, I'd like to know?" inquired the cook, wiping her red eyes and nose on her apron.

"Oh, they are going to get up earlier right along now," explained Johnny: "I guess pa's come to the conclusion that he can't afford to be so lazy. Say, Mary, what makes the wood so wet this morning? Has it been rainin'?"

The cook looked sharply at Johnny, but said nothing; and the young man concluded that his benefactor of the morning had imposed a vow of eternal secrecy upon that voluble domestic.

"Well, when Julia gets up, you tell her that ma wants her breakfast brought to her, will you?" he said, and was going out into the shed, when his father entered the kitchen.

"Is John here? John, come with me!"

* * *

It passes Johnny Dumpsey's comprehension—the divining power of a parent.

An hour later, when the actual steak was pounded, J. Dumpsey, jr., cringed. His mother's breakfast was not carried up; Johnny's was—three slices of bread and a small glass of water.

PAUL PASTNOR.

CHICAGO HEARD FROM.

CHICAGO, April 6th, 1883.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

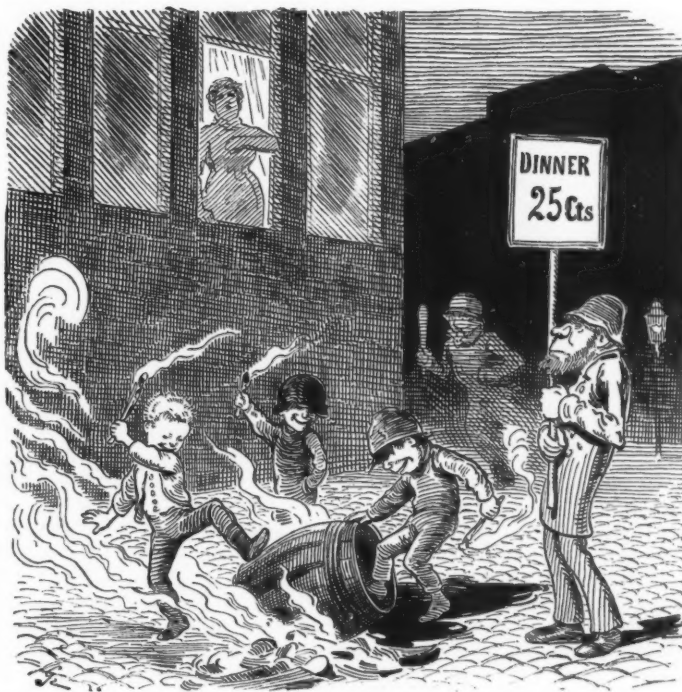
I see you still have left on hand, though somewhat shelf-worn, a few choice sample lots of those antiquated allusions relative to the dimensions of a Chicago girl's pedal extremity. I have borne with these insinuations week after week for, lo, these years, patiently and prayerfully; but I am impelled to take the part of my traduced sisters, and state some facts which you New Yorkers may not relish. So I hope all present, until later advices, will let up on any more alleged jokes in the aforesaid direction. All jokes, when they have attained their majority, should be turned out to pasture.

In the cause of truth I have made numerous and careful observations, and have taken frequent soundings of a multitude of female feet belonging to each ward. The statistics I have in my office, neatly filed and sand-papered. In each and every case the length of beam, fore and aft, was conscientiously surveyed, together with height from keel to hurricane deck, and breadth from port to starboard. The averages for the different divisions, computed by a well-known mathematician, are, in inches, as follows:

THE TOUR OF THE DISTINGUISHED TRAGEDIAN.

[As He Reported It in His Letters.]

V.



"THE TOWN IS ILLUMINATED IN OUR HONOR."

NORTH SIDE:

Length, $7\frac{3}{8}$; height, $1\frac{1}{4}$; breadth, $2\frac{1}{2}$.

WEST SIDE:

Length, $7\frac{1}{16}$; height, $1\frac{1}{16}$; breadth, $2\frac{5}{32}$.

SOUTH SIDE:

Length, $7\frac{1}{8}$; height, $1\frac{1}{32}$; breadth, $2\frac{1}{64}$.

The data were obtained only at immense labor. On the North and South Sides my field-notes were taken at muddy crossings, with the theodolite planted in a ground-floor window. On the West Side my investigations were mostly of a less public character, and the measurements could never have been made except on my explanation that the same were in the interest of historic and statistical accuracy. Since my purpose became generally known, however, I have been in receipt of a large mail from West Side females, which is alphabetically arranged, and is an inexhaustible thesaurus, containing many other interesting and instructive points; but I take it I have named sufficient. [Here is a speculation for some enterprising chiropodist.]

Now, before you publish any more left-handed—I mean left-footed compliments to the fair ladies of this city, I wish to know how these figures compare with those of like character in other localities. I hope the ladies will not all rise at once to have their sizes registered.

In the meantime, can't you give us something on John Kelly? I could not find his countenance in all this week's issue. Ditto Sam Tilden. Work over Lord Roscoe. Peck's incorrigible young hopeful still lives. In case any of the above fail to pan, I have some more suggestions laid away, done up in original packages; or you can freshen up some selected miscellany from *Punch*; but pray cease the racket about the hoof of our beloved Chicago girl.

JAMES ABBOTT.

SOME women don't paint their cheeks because they are proud. They do it merely to give color to the statement that they are young. —*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

It does not take a very big polecat to go around.—*N. O. Picayune*.

BALTIMORE now has a crazy reporter. He must be crazy. The city council voted him a bonus of one hundred and fifty dollars, among others, and he wouldn't take it. That reporter has never gone through a term of the Minnesota Legislature, or he would know better than to make that kind of a martyr of himself.—*Duluth Tribune*.

A WISCONSIN farmer, a church deacon, adopted a little boy and promised to give him a Christian rearing. One day the boy told a lie, which so grieved the good man that he slit his tongue with a pair of scissors. On another occasion the boy did something very wicked, and was suspended by the heels and prodded with a pitchfork. The waywardness of the little boy caused the pious farmer to shed a great many tears and made him very unhappy; but one day a grand jury came to his relief and indicted him.—*Rochester Post-Express*.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was broached: "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss us

both, and the servant-girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."—*Philadelphia News*.

YESTERDAY a whip-dealer, who had about a dozen whips under his arm, happened to drop into the counting-room. The cashier, a man of few words and given to transacting business as rapidly as possible, said to the stranger, before the latter could utter a word:

"You'll find the dramatic editor in room two, up-stairs."

Then explanations had to be made.—*Boston Post*.

SUPPOSED to be in St. Paul on St. Patrick's Day: "Pat, wud yez look at 'em now?" Mike was gazing intently on the procession. "See, now, the fellows phat drinks the whiskey all on fut, and the fellows phat sell it all a-roidin'." Mike grasped a pregnant fact.—*Duluth Tribune*.

THE fellow who predicts the failure of the crops is the chap who couldn't tell a harvesting machine from a man-of-war, and whose knowledge of rye was acquired in bar-rooms. So much for the theoretical granger!—*Harlem Times*.

"No," he said: "we shall never be friends again. He has done me an injury, and I don't suppose he'll ever consent to forgive me for it." —*Boston Post*.

CASTORIA.

When the milk curdles, baby will cry,
When fever sets in, baby may die,
When baby has pains at dead of night,
Household alarm—father in a plight,
Then good mothers learn without delay
That CASTORIA cures by night and day.

Walking advertisements: every man, woman and child who has once tried Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cannot say enough in its praise, and this is the reason why its sale is constantly increasing.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.

Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

The judicious wife prudently recommends the Swayne's Ointment for all skin diseases.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

To insure prompt attention, Advertisers will please hand in their copy for new announcements or alterations, at least one week ahead of the issue in which they are to appear. PUBLISHERS PUCK.

AN INCIDENT OF A FLOOD.

New York, Feb. 26, '83.
Mr. Frederick Brown,
Philad'a, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I want to tell you the kind of medicine Brown's Ginger is. Business took me to Cincinnati early in January, and after traveling all day and night I arrived there very thirsty. Drinking a large quantity of water, I was thrown into a violent DYSENTERY, which weakened me rapidly and made me a very sick man. I at once began taking Brown's Ginger, and in 24 hours had stopped the trouble entirely, and my system had resumed its normal condition.

During the rest of my stay I was careful to put about half a teaspoonful of Ginger in each glass of water, and found that it entirely obviated all ill effects.

Although a stranger to you I send you this because I believe it is proper you should know what your Ginger has done.

Truly,
G. H. STODDARD,
105 E. 10th St.
N. Y. City.

★ **CLOSING-OUT SALE** ★
OF
BRONZES, FANCY GOODS,
Watches, Jewelry, Clocks,
NO. 16 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y.,
Are Selling at Immense Reductions to close
the Business before May 1st.
★ **V. J. MAGNIN GUEDIN & CO.** ★
IMPORTERS.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address
STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

CANDY

Address

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

AGENTS

can now grasp a fortune. Out-
fit worth \$10 free. Address E. G.
BIDEBOY & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.

THE IRISH PROBLEM.

A FEW QUESTIONS FOR PATRICK CROWE.

DAVENPORT, Ia., March 18th.—[Editor of the *Tri-
bune*.]—Will you kindly give an unbiased American,
who has traveled some, a small space for a few words
regarding Patrick Crowe's letter in your issue of to-day?

If the Irish people are naturally so well disposed, how
is it that they and their descendants form so large a pro-
portion, in comparison to their numbers, of criminals fill-
ing our jails and penitentiaries and keeping saloons in
this country? Joliet Penitentiary contains of *Irish* 76
per cent.

How is it that the "starving Irishmen" of Ireland can
afford to spend over \$75,000,000 per annum for whiskey,
and contribute nearly as much to the Church of Rome?

How is it that the Protestant Irish of Northern Ireland
are contented; also the poor of England, Scotland, and
Wales, who have fewer liberties, and must also main-
tain the "Established Church" whether members or not?

Mr. Crowe gives us some extracts from history of
"outrage" committed against the Irish generations ago,
and then gloatingly adds: "It was not a one-sided
game, for the Irish massacred and murdered an equal, if
not larger, number of English."

True for you, Mr. Crowe, they did! History shows
that rapine and murder originated with the Irish, and
the force of English law alone could restrain this cow-
ardly brutality.

Mr. Crowe thinks the soil of Ireland should recede to
its original owners!

Who would divide it, and how?

A friend of mine named Harris, an Englishman, pur-
chased a house and garden spot near Queenstown of Pat-
rick Shannon, an Irishman, paying therefor the sum of
£1,500—hard-earned cash. Now, does that place right-
fully belong to him or not?

Let us return the soil of England to its original owners.

Shall it be the Normans, Danes, Romans, Saxons, or
ancient Britons, Mr. Crowe? Or, better still, let us re-
turn our own soil to its original owners—Aztecs, Toltecs,
or Indians—before we throw stones while living in glass
houses.

What lands have not changed hands by conquest at
one time or another?

If Patrick Crowe and his followers do not reform, there
will soon, I am afraid, be some picked Crows.

—Charles Atwood, in *Chicago Tribune*.

An old darkey came into an Austin drug-
store with his head bandaged up and groaning
as if every bone in his body was broken.

"What's the matter?" asked the drug-clerk.

"We have had the bery debble of a time, me
and de ole woman, battering each udder wid
de chairs and sich."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Me needs some anarchy. Dar ain't no an-
archy in de house. De bottle got smashed in
de fuss, and de anarchy spilled all ober de
floor."

"If you had more harmony in your house
there would be less anarchy," remarked the
drug-clerk, smiling, as he filled a small bottle
with arnica.

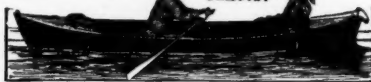
"You am right, boss. Dat's jes what de fuss
was about. De reason we needs anarchy is be-
kase dar was no hominy in de house, and dat's
why de ole woman hit me wid de chair."—
Texas Siftings.

ROCKVILLE, Conn., has three cornet-bands,
three string-bands, a drum-corps of twenty
members, and has just introduced in all its fac-
tories steam-whistles that can be heard at a dis-
tance of three miles. When Gabriel blows his
trumpet in the morning it will sound like a
penny whistle if Rockville starts in with a pre-
lude.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Poor bread and bad cooking is destroying the health and lives
of thousands, simply because the nervous and unhealthy condi-
tion of the good housewives render them unable to do their best.
One bottle of Hop Bitters taken by each one of them will save all
this.

Angostura Bitters are endorsed by all the leading physi-
cians and chemists for their purity and wholesomeness. Beware
of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine
article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Racine Boats and Canoes.



Class "A," the finest boat ever made.

Class "B," (New) cheaper—the boat for the masses.

Full description and prices gratis.

THOMAS KANE & CO., Chicago.

METROPOLITAN HEADQUARTERS

FOR

FINE CLOTHING

Ready-Made or to Order,

FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN.

Spring Overcoats in Vast Assortment.

BRONNER & CO.

610, 612, 614, 616 and 618 BROADWAY,
THROUGH TO CROSBY ST., NEW YORK.



1883 MODEL WORKING 1883
TOY ENGINES AND FIGURES.

We send Engine, Figures, Pulleys, Belt, etc., all complete as per
cut, and in working order, by mail for \$1.50. Our complete Cata-
logue, 196 large pages, 4,000 illustrations, by mail, 25 cents.

PECK & SNYDER,

Nos. 126, 128 & 130 Nassau Street, New York.

WATCHES

for the Million.

The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest
size in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases, from \$6 to \$150—all
reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Lace Pins, Ear-
rings, Bangle Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs, etc., at prices in reach
of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds.

An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentle-
man, and this is the best place to buy it.

PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Price list free. 363 Canal Street, New York.



AMERICAN STANDARD

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES,

New and Second-hand, at Low prices and on easy terms.

Warerooms: 900 BROADWAY, Corner 20th Street, N. Y.

DECKER'S

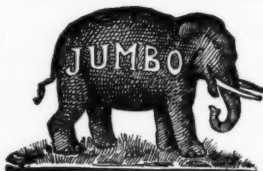


POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,

with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior
to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.

Good second-hand tables always on hand.

WAREROOMS, 732 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.



Billiard and Pool Balls,

CHECKS,

MARTINGALE RINGS,

BRUSHES,

MIRRORS and COMBS,

AT THE

WELLING

COMP. IVORY MFG. CO.

251 Centre St.

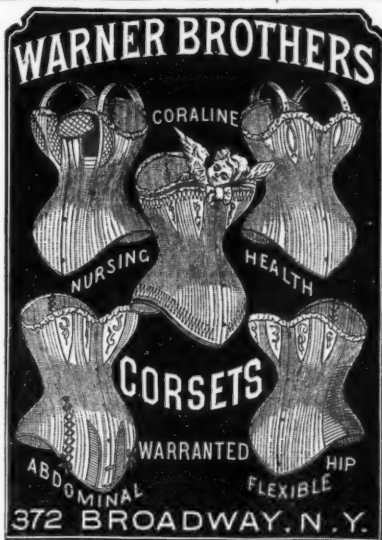
Send for the Jumbo Catalogue.

40 New and Beautiful CHROMO CARDS,
name in New Type, and an ELEGANT 48 page, Gift
Bound FLORAL AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, all
for 15cts. **SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.**

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free
Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PORTRAITS.**FOTOGRAFS** taken on the **GROUND FLOOR**from **MORNING** until **NIGHT**, at**233 BROADWAY,**By **ELECTRIC LIGHT.**Branch of
W. KURTZ'S
Madison Sq.
Studio.**KURTZ**Opposite
New Post Office,
Bet. Barclay
and Park Place.**Geo. B. Cluett, Bro. & Co.'s**
LATEST CROWN COLLAR.HEIGHT IN FRONT, 2½
HEIGHT IN BACK, 1½.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS.

ARNHEIM**THE TAILOR,****190 and 192 BOWERY, Cor SPRING ST.****GREAT REDUCTION.**Elegant Trousers, made to measure, at \$4
Fine Suits, " " " " " 16
Overcoats, " " " " " 15**STYLISH CUTTING.**Our only Branch Store in this City is at
305 BROADWAY, corner Duane Street.**EXCRUCIATINGLY FUNNY!****"THE BAD BOY'S DIARY"** The most
work-published. Four volumes. 280 pages. 50 il-
lustrations. **FREE** to any address for
S. GROSS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 50 CTS**\$10.00 REWARD**Will be paid for any corset in which the Coraline breaks
with six months' ordinary wear.

Price by mail, W. B. (French coutil), \$2.50; Abdominal, \$2.00; Health or Nursing, \$1.50; Coraline, \$1.00; Flexible Hip, \$1.00; Misses', \$1.00.

For sale by leading Merchants.

Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

WARNER BRO'S, 372 Broadway, N. Y.**KIDNEY AND** all Urinary troubles quick-
ly and safely cured with
DOCUTA SANDALWOOD.Cures in seven days. Avoid injurious
imitations; none but the Docuta gen-
uine. Full directions. Price \$1.50; half boxes, 75 cents. All
Druggists.

"THE advent of any circus is hailed with curses by resident managers; but the advent of a three-ring circus, which combines pretty nearly every known possibility in the way of an attraction, is met with a display of grief too deep for simple profanity's plumb." Why? If you ever were a boy, your memory should be stored with answers. When I was a boy, my father had a big lot in Brooklyn where the Historical Building now stands. The old gentleman was hopelessly pious and a deacon; but he rented the field to a circus once, and the family had a free ticket. It was given to the servants, and I was not allowed to go. Did I go? Didn't I go? I crept under the canvas near the trick-mule's bundle of hay. I made the acquaintance of a hostler. Finally I braced the flap-keeper on the strength of the family-ticket, and played hookey for a week, being finally detected by reason of my facility in turning hand-springs. Then I had to learn the Book of Esther as a penance; but it was worth it, indeed it was, although the tent was canvas, the ring sawdust, the elephant a scarecrow, and the clown a miserable mouther. The boys of to-day are better served.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Mr. FOGARTY and Mr. Samuelson have long been friends; but they are so no longer, in consequence of Mr. Fogarty's propensity for joking.

Mr. Samuelson is known to be very parsimonious. He remarked to Fogarty:

"The rats are very bad in Austin. They are trying to gnaw a hole into my pantry. What should I do to circumvent them?"

"Starve them to death by leaving the door of your pantry open at night."—*Texas Siftings.*

REPRESENTATIVE OCHILTREE is trying so hard to get his salary that he will earn it by the time he draws it. He is not doing anything else, it is true; but it is so refreshing to see a Congressman doing anything, that we are glad to see the honorable member's salary hang far enough beyond his reach to make him jump for it.—*Hawkeye.*

At a fashionable wedding in New York the other day, the ceremony was performed under a floral umbrella. This was probably a little suggestion of the bride's mother, who wanted the groom to understand by the emblem that he ought to put up something for a rainy day.—*Harlem Evening Times.*

YOUNG man, never marry the girl who will elope with you. The woman who has sufficient will, however, to elope, generally has the determination that will make her the head of the family.—*Phila. Kronikle-Herald.*

WHEN a man's head is ballasted with brains there is not much danger of his feet leading him astray, unless they unexpectedly encounter a blooming banana-peel.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

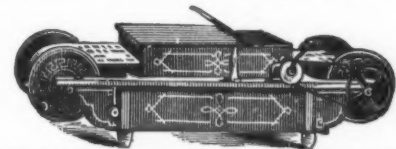
CAN a man marry on ten dollars a week?—**GEORGE.** Certainly; if the girl's mother keeps a boarding-house.—*Philadelphia News.*

*If Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham has not discovered the Elixir Vitæ, which the ancient Alchemists sought by so much patient research and persistent experiment, her medicine seems, at least, likely to command an immense sale and universal popularity in the future. If rapid progress and eminent success furnish any basis for a correct judgment, Mrs. Pinkham is a most promising competitor for such honorable distinction as the alchemists failed to achieve.

SOHMER**PIANOS.**

PREPARED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

DECKER
BROTHERS'
MATCHLESS PIANOS.
33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.**THE ORGUINETTE**

IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguettes, Musical Cabinets, and Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warerooms in the world.

No. 831 Broadway,

Between 12th and 13th Sts.

NEW YORK.**THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.**

Sole Manufacturers and Patentees.

Send for Circular

CUSTOM TAILORING.

INSPECT THE STOCK OF

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS.
NOVELTIES FOR PRESENT SEASON.**NICOLL The Tailor,****620 BROADWAY, Near Houston St.,**And **139 to 151 Bowery, between Grand and Broome Sts.**

Samples, with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT, with Fashion Book, sent free by mail everywhere. Branch stores in all principal cities.

PEARLS IN THE MOUTH**BEAUTY & FRAGRANCE**

ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY

SOZODONT,

which renders the teeth white, the gums rosy and the breath sweet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth and prevents decay.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

PENSIONS

for SOLDIERS and HEIRS. Pensions for wounds of ANY DISEASE. Thousands yet entitled. Pensioners now entitled to INCREASE. Soldiers of Mexican war entitled. One of the oldest and most responsible claim agencies. Send two stamps for late laws.

W. T. FITZGERALD, Attorney at Law,
1006 F Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.**SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS.**In 20 Numbers, of superior English make, suited to every style of writing. A Sample of each for trial, by mail, on receipt of 25 Cents. Ask your Stationer for the SPENCERIAN PENS.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR & CO., New York.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS'

SAPOLIO

is a substitute for Soap for all Household purposes, except washing clothes.

SAPOLIO

for Cleaning your House this Spring will save the labor of one cleaner.

SAPOLIO

will not injure or discolor Paint, but restores color and brightness. Try it.

SAPOLIO

Cleans Windows without water, and saves the trouble of removing curtains and carpets.

SAPOLIO

brightens Knives at the same time they are washed, saving time and labor. Use it.

SAPOLIO

Cleans Bath Tubs, Tables, Floors, &c., quicker and better than soap. Try it on.

SAPOLIO

Polishes Tin, Brass, Copper and all Metal Wares, rendering them as bright as new.

SAPOLIO

for Washing Dishes and Glassware is invaluable. Cheaper than Soap.

SAPOLIO

removes Stains from Marble Mantels, Tables and Statuary, from Hard-finished Walls, and from China and Porcelain. 10 cents.

SAPOLIO

removes Stains and Grease from Carpets and other woven fabrics.

Price, 10 Cents per Cake.—Send for our Card about the Terra Cotta Statuette "Ange Dechu."
ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., New York.



A GOOD HIT!

A NEW LOVE STORY OF THE WAR, BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANDERSONVILLE, ETC."

THE RED ACORN,

By JOHN M'ELROY, Editor Toledo Blade.

2300 Copies Sold in Advance of Publication.

12mo., 322 pages. Cloth; Black and Gold Side and Back Stamps. Price \$1.25.

A fascinating War story, dealing with real flesh-and-blood people, in style vividly realistic, and so wide a departure from the conventional novel that it cannot help attracting wide spread attention. Its scenes are laid in Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee during the War, and will prove very exciting reading to lovers of historical fiction.

The publishers have spared no expense in getting up this book, and it will be found to excel their other popular publications in every respect.

Order at once of the publisher, or of your bookseller. Mailed on receipt of price by the publishers.

HENRY A. SUMNER & CO.,
205 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

"THE LITTLE PIC SERIES."

Fine new set, eighteen cards, by mail, on receipt of six 3c. stamps. WHITING, 60 Nassau St., N. Y.

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

A New York man was fined \$300 for giving tobacco to a giraffe in Central Park. But they wouldn't fine him a cent if he only gave whiskey to a boy.

Why, certainly, Ezra, certainly. Anybody can answer a little question like that. They are called "end-men" because they are the last persons the wandering joke reaches in its earthly pilgrimage.

Another good prohibitionist has been found who never drinks and never smokes and never chews. His name is Dink Davis, and he is a gambler. Won \$80,000 in New York in one week at faro, busted the Barclay Street bank, and is now the terror of all the gambling-houses in London.

Katharine Bates wants to know, in a general way:

"But how shall my song set free
From the shimmering cells of my ocean pearl,
The music that haunts the sea?"

If you care for our advice, Katharine, we say, don't do it. Not by no manner of means. If you have the music that haunts the sea shut up in the shimmering cells of an ocean pearl, you keep it there. Don't let it out for anything. You hold on to it for a rise. And the rise will come, if you're a pretty bad sailor, about the time you pass outside of Sandy Hook. A person who has the music that haunts the sea shut up in the shimmering cells of an ocean pearl owes a solemn duty to humanity to keep it there. It is awful music. We heard it once when it was shut up, to a certain extent, in the shimmering cells of an after-state-room, close over the screw, and we never want to hear it again. It was dreadful. And if Katharine has really any thought of setting it free, now that she has it shut up in shimmering cells, the people who are thinking of going to Europe next summer ought to form a syndicate and buy the pearl of her, and then deposit it in a Newark bank, where nobody would ever see it again.—Robert J. Burdette.

"Das Ganze der Weberei des Tuch und Buckskinfabri-canten"—("everything about the weaving of cloth and buckskin")—by KUNO STOMMEL. 2 vols. Düsseldorf, Felix Bagel, Publisher.

The thoroughness which forms so distinguishing a feature in the majority of hand-books published in Germany lifts also Mr. Stommel's work far above its competitors of other nationalities. In fact, if perfection can be attained, we are almost tempted to say that the work is too thorough and at times dwelling too long on matters elementary. But we suppose that this fault is only apparent, and that the author has simply been anxious "to make his foundation sure." So well has he succeeded in giving to his work the stamp of completeness that the knowledge it conveys is truly encyclopædian. We strongly recommend it to the textile student.—Dry-Goods Bulletin.

SEVERAL monitors have been added to the United States Navy, and if this thing keeps on the country, in case of a rebellion, would have enough vessels to blockade the entire coast of Rhode Island.—Phila. Kronicle-Herald.

"Men condemn in others what they practice themselves." Those who practice the use of Kidney-Wort never condemn its use by others, but commend it to all affected with piles, dyspepsia, constipation and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of kidneys, liver or bowels.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price \$1.00. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.25. KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

BAUS PIANOS

PRICES } in use at the Grand Conservatory of Music. { TERMS
LOW. } EASY.
Warerooms: 26 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

ARNOLD,
CONSTABLE & CO.

Special Novelties in Dress Goods.

Racquet Stripes in Cheviots, Bayonnaise, Hindoo, and Khyber Cloths, All Wool and Silk and Wool Plumetis, Plain and Broché "Nun's Veiling," "Albatross," "Yeddo Crepe," and "Crepe de Chine" for combination suits, &c., &c.

BROADWAY and 19th St.
NEW YORK.

THE BRADLEY



ROAD CART

Above illustration represents our No. 4 or Phaeton Cart. We also make them with skeleton bodies, just the thing for jogging trotters or breaking colts. Our No. 3, or Single Park Cart is used very extensively by Gentlemen Drivers in speed on the road or track, weighs 100 lbs., and as handsomely finished as the finest carriage.

FIVE STYLES weighing from 90 to 1400 lbs. Prices from \$50 to \$80.

First-Class in every respect, and everybody likes them.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

BRADLEY & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1832.



GRANDALL & CO.,
569 3d Avenue, near 37th St.
Established over 40 years.

Centennial and other awards. Latest styles Baby Carriages, in cane, reed, and wood, \$5 to \$50, warranted. Largest variety. Also Velocipedes, Propellers, Doll Carriages, and Boys' Wagons.

Goods shipped C. O. D. anywhere. Wholesale and retail. Send for descriptive circular. Cut this out.

OPEN EVENINGS.

A. WEIDMANN & CO.,

306 BROADWAY,

Cor. Duane Street, NEW YORK.

Importers and Manufacturers of

TOYS, FIREWORKS,

Masks, Gold and Silver Trimmings, Spangles and other Material for Costumes, etc.

PENS

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.

Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.

FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

Illustrated Catalogue, 150 pp., Photo. Lecture, 30c.

MAGIC LANTERNS \$5
WITH VIEWS.**MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES WANTED.**
Wonderful Polyopticon and Picture \$2.50
Magical Micrograph and 100 Views only \$1
Optical and Musical Wonder Catalogue FREE.
THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

50 All New Enameled Gold and Floral Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. W. H. CARD WORKS, West Haven, Ct.

Please Take Notice!

PUCK ON WHEELS, Nos. 2, 3,

at 25 cents each.

A limited number is on hand and for sale at

The International News Company,
29 & 31 Beekman St., New York.

Peter Henderson & Co.
COLLECTION OF SEEDS AND PLANTS
Embraces every desirable novelty of the season, fully described in their **MANUAL of EVERYTHING for the GARDEN**
which for 1883 contains PETER HENDERSON'S "Revised Instructions on Vegetable and Flower Culture," making it a condensed Gardening Book, having all the latest information known to the author of "Gardening for Profit."
This Manual, with Price List, free by mail, or to be had on application at our Stores.
PETER HENDERSON & CO.
35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book. Sent Free.
(new) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.**DENTAL OFFICE.**
PHILIPPINE DIEFENBACH-TRUCHSESS.
162 W. 33rd St., bet. 6th & 7th Aves., N. Y.**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS**
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.**\$30,000** How \$2 INVESTED brings \$30,000. A fortune within the reach of ALL. Circulars with full information sent FREE by addressing
CHAS. MEEKIN, Courier-Journal Building, Louisville, Ky.**THEISS'S MUSIC HALL AND ALHAMBRA COURT,**
134 and 136 East 14th Street.
Opposite the Academy of Music.
CONCERT EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.**PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.**

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them.

Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest.

Will be mailed to any part of the United States and Canada upon receipt of \$1.25.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.**TAPE WORM.**INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.**HER FIRST TRAIN.**
(BALLADE)Muses and Graces appear!
Fountain Pierian flow!
Greuze in the spirit be near!
Aid me, O shade of Watteau!
Ancients and moderns a-row,
Strike me your worthiest strain,
Little my theme do I know—
'Tis the young lady's First Train.Ah! in my heart there is fear,
Chill in its coming as snow;
She who approacheth me here,
Stately and sweeping and slow—
Could I have romped with her? No.
This duchess? Oh, dream most profane!
All that was decades ago—
'Tis the young lady's First Train.How shall I suit her? It's clear
Battledore, racquet and bow
Barred are and banned. In this sphere,
Certes, I'm somewhat *detrop*.
Still we accustomed may grow,
Standing-ground common regain,
Even if—presage of woe!—
'Tis the young lady's First Train.

L'ENVOI.

Comrades, to friend and to foe,
Thus my changed bearing explain.
Say: "If aught's turned him a beau,
'Tis the young lady's First Train."
—A. E. Watrous, in *The Imp*.A RAILROAD restaurant cruller is not as large as a horse-collar, but it lasts longer.—*Harlem Times*.AFTER the mischief is done any one can say what shall be done in case of an accident.—*New Orleans Picayune*.THERE is something very suggestive in the fact that the author of "Home, Sweet Home" was an unmarried man.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.UNDER the new tariff Chinese gods are to come in free. Thus is another of Connecticut's infant industries nipped in the bud.—*Phila. delphia News*.TRYING to crowd five hundred roses in a spring-bonnet four inches square is what is making raving maniacs out of the milliners.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.It is hinted that all the bother about Queen Victoria's falling down-stairs was but a clever dodge preliminary to a grand lecturing-tour through the United States.—*Boston Transcript*.WITH strawberries selling at one dollar apiece in New York, the North cannot afford to turn up its nose at the South.—*Atlanta Constitution*. We would respectfully suggest to the pride of Georgia that the boot is on the other leg.—*Boston Post*.THE recent birth in New York of a humorous paper, which by its sly thrusts and bright paragraphs is making a name for itself, has evoked memories of its numerous predecessors, which have gone, glimmering through the dreams of things that were. Short life has hitherto been usually the rule with these dispensers of good things, which send a ray of sunshine into the murky atmosphere of toil and drive dull care away. Indeed, in this country there has been, of the many periodicals that have undertaken to observe life solely from a humorous point of view, but one which has attained a vigorous growth. That one is hardly necessary to name, for PUCK is now famous round the world, and has become not only an inexhaustible source of exhilaration and amusement, but, by its sharp, though good-natured satire, the terror of shams and frauds and hypocrites.—*The Manhattan, for March*.**DRY GOODS**

Delivered in any part of the United States at Boston Prices. CATALOGUES SENT FREE, also when desired samples of Dress Goods, Silks, Woollens, from the largest and finest stock in this country. Write to

BY MAIL**Jordan, Marsh & Co.** (Boston, Mass.)**ANGOSTURA BITTERS.****BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.**
An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, but beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.**J. W. WUPPERMANN,**
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX.)
Sole Agent for the United States.

61 Broadway, NEW YORK.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT OF EUROPEAN MINERAL WATERS.**Apollinaris, Hunyadi, Carlsbad, Ems, Friedrichshall, Gieshübler, Homburg, Kronthal, Kissingen, Marienbad, Püllna, Schwalbach, Selters, Taunus, Vichy, Birmensdorf, Wilhelmsquelle, and fifty others.****DEPOT FOR ALL AMERICAN WATERS.**
Bottlers of RINGLER'S New York, Cincinnati, Toledo and Milwaukee Beer. Agents for**GEBRÜDER HOEHL**, Geisenheim, Rhine Wines.
TH. LAMARQUE & CO., Bordeaux, Clarets.
DUBOIS FRÈRE & CAGNION, Cognac, Brandy.**P. SCHERER & CO.,**
11 Barclay Street, New York.**BOKER'S BITTERS**The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS.
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.**MAGIC LANTERNS!**
AND STEREOPTICONS
FOR PUBLIC, SUNDAY SCHOOL & HOME EXHIBITIONS
Illustrating 120 page illus. FREE
all Subjects Catalogue, 732 Chestnut St.
C. T. MILLIGAN PHILADELPHIA.
Ask for double number of THE EXHIBITOR**IF YOU ARE MARRIED**, or contemplate taking this important step, we can send you information which you ought to know, and worth \$100. Our 16-page circular mailed free. Address **OGILVIE & CO.**, 33 Rose Street, N. Y.**WITH FIVE DOLLARS**YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE
Hungarian Government Bond,
Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings**THREE TIMES ANNUALLY.**
Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond must draw a prize, as there are no blanks. The Larger Prizes drawn at these Drawings are
1 Premium of 150,000 Florins.
1 " " 120,000 "
1 " " 100,000 "
1 " " 15,000 "
1 " " 12,000 "
1 " " 10,000 "
3 Premiums of 5000 fl. 15,000 "
12 " " 1000 fl. 12,000 "
54 " " 500 fl. 27,000 "
And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than 140 Florins.
The next drawing takes place on the**16th of April, 1883.**
and every bond bought of us on or before the 16th of April is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters and enclosing \$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.
For orders, circulars, and any other information, address**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**
No. 150 Broadway, N. Y. City.
[Established in 1874.]

In writing to us, please state you saw this in the English Puck.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

CONSUMPTIONI have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P.O. address **D.R.T. A. SLOCUM**, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address
H. HALLEY & Co., Portland, Maine.**THE PRINTING INK** used on this publication, manufactured by **GEO. H. MORRILL & CO.**



THE BREACH-OF-PROMISE INDUSTRY.—YOUNG MEN CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL.